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THE ANNUAL MEETING will be held at Essex Hall on Saturday, March 4, at 5 p.m., to be followed by tea and reception at 5.45, and at 6.30 by a Conference on "The Church and School," to be opened by the President, Mr. Ronald Bartram. All Sunday School teachers and workers will be welcome. No tickets are required.

OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Morning.

N.B.—The name of the Minister of the Chapel is in all cases inserted, unless instructions are received to the contrary by Thursday morning before the date of issue.

SUNDAY, March 5.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN; 7, Mr. A. J. ALLEN.

Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Mr. STANLEY P. PENWARDEN.

Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.

Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. G. C. CRESSEY, D.D.

Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.

Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Mr. HAROLD PICTON.

Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 7, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON.

Finchley (Church End), Fern Bank Hall, Gravel Hill, 6.30, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN, M.A.

Forest Gate, Upton-lane, 11, Rev. JOHN ELLIS; 6.30, Mr. A. ALLEN.

Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7.

Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. H. GOW, B.A.

Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.

Ilford, High-road, 11, Mr. J. KINSMAN; 7, Mr. H. G. CHANCELIOR, M.P.

Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. TUDOR JONES. Evening Subject: "Prof. Harnack on 'The New Message of Christianity.'"

Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11 and 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.

Kilburn, Quex-road, 11, Dr. F. W. G. FOAT, M.A.; 7, Rev. C. ROPER, B.A.

Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. CHYNOWETH POPE.

Deptford, Church and Mission, Church-street, 6.30.

Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. F. H. JONES, B.A.

Peckham, Avondale road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. LAWRENCE CLARE.

Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15, Rev. C. ROPER, B.A.; 7, Dr. F. W. G. FOAT, D.Litt, M.A.

Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. J. LIONEL TAYLER.

Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. DOUGLAS HOOLE; 6.30, Rev. JOHN ELLIS.

University Hall, Gordon-square, 11.15 and 7, Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.

Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. J. E. ODGERS, D.D.

Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, Worple-road, 7, Rev. GEORGE CRITCHLEY, B.A.

Wood Green Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. JOSEPH WILSON.

Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Angelsea-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.

ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30. Supply.

BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.

BELFAST, All Souls' Church, Elmwood Avenue, 11.30 and 7, Rev. ELLISON A. VOYSEY, M.A.

BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WOOD.

BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad-street, Rev. J. WORSLEY AUSTIN, M.A.

BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.

BOLTON, Halliwell-road Free Church, 10.45, Scholars' Service; 6.30, Rev. J. ISLAN JONES, M.A.

BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.

BRADFORD, Chapel Lane Chapel, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. H. McLACHLAN, M.A., B.D.

BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.

BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.

CAMBRIDGE, Assembly Hall, Downing-street, 11.30, Rev. E. W. LUMMIS, M.A.

CHATHAM, Unitarian Christian Church, Hammond-hill, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. WHITEMAN.

CHELMSFORD, Unitarian Church, Legg-street, 6.30, Mr. A. G. GATHERCOLE.

CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.

CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. A. WEATHERALL.

DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER.

DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 and 7, Rev. F. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.

EVESHAM, Oat-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS, B.A.

GATESHEAD, Unity Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. WILSON.

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GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. GEORGE WARD.

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LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. HARGROVE.

LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. K. H. BOND.

LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR I. FRIPP, B.A.

LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. CRADDOCK.

LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.

LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-park, 11, Rev. E. S. RUSSELL, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.

MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON.

MORETONHAMPTSTEAD, Devon, Cross Chapel, 11 and 3, Rev. A. LANCASTER.

NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. PARRY.

NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, Unitarian Church, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.

OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. CARPENTER.

PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45.

PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.

PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church-street, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. TRAVERS.

SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WAIN.

SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11, Rev. J. F. PARMITER.

SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.

SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.

SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. C. HALL, M.A.

SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London-road, 11 and 6.30, Mr. PROMOTRO LOLL SEN, of the Brahma Somaj.

TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road, Morning Service, 11; Evening Service and Lecture, 6.30, Rev. GEORGE BURNETT STALLWORTHY.

WEST KIRBY, Meeting Room, Grange-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.

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Advertisements should arrive not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.

THE INQUIRER.

A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK	131	BOOKS AND REVIEWS :—		National Insurance	141
A LENTEN MEDITATION	132	The New Gospel of Womanhood	137	A Visit to Glamorganshire	142
LIFE, RELIGION AND AFFAIRS :—		Christ for India	137	The Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church	
Emily Brontë	133	Three Books of Verse	138	of Ireland	142
Unwanted William	134	Publications Received	139	Personal	142
Hard Sayings of Jesus.—V.	135	FOR THE CHILDREN	139	Announcements	142
A Woodland Cloister	136	The Social Movement	140	NEWS OF THE CHURCHES	142
CORRESPONDENCE :—		MEETINGS AND SOCIETIES :—		NOTES AND JOTTINGS	143
Doctrine and Experience	136	Wycliffe Congregational Church, Leicester	140		

* * *All letters and manuscripts for the Editor should be sent to 23, Cannon-place, Hampstead, N.W.*

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE proceedings which have been instituted against Pastor Jatho of Cologne for heresy have produced a situation of extreme gravity for the liberal party in the Lutheran church. An official complaint has been issued against him in which the doctrinal errors of his teaching are set forth under six heads. To this document Herr Jatho has sent a long answer in which he explains in some detail the reasons for his teaching, but makes no concession to his inquisitors. To the direct question whether he will retract, he replies with the noble scorn of a man who refuses to trifle with his conscience, and asks what respect his accusers would have for him if he did. There is some of the ring of the heroes of the Reformation in the words "Und so kann und will auch ich nicht widerrufen."

* * *

THE whole affair has aroused widespread and indignant protest in Cologne, where Herr Jatho is honoured and loved by his large congregation for his courageous and stimulating sermons, and still more on account of his noble Christian character and his love of his fellow-men. Crowded meetings of men and women have been held in support of his attitude. The committee of the Protestantenverein with Herr Karl Schrader, the president of the International Congress of Free Christianity and Religious Progress at its head, has issued an appeal for loyalty to the principles of freedom in the hour of danger. The *Christliche Welt* has also published an earnest protest signed by Dr. Foerster, Professor Rade, and Professor Weinelt, in which special stress is laid upon the fact that the churches in Cologne are staffed by clergy of every school of thought, meeting the needs of all, and that the result of the removal of a minister like Herr Jatho, conspicuous for a wonderful and far-reaching spiritual influence, would be to inflict a severe wound upon the Protestant com-

munity in Cologne, and to produce a strong movement of alienation from the Church.

* * *

NOTWITHSTANDING it seems not unlikely that Herr Jatho will be condemned and removed from his office. We learn from the *Protestantenblatt* that in the event of his condemnation his friends do not contemplate any movement of secession from the State church. Their policy would be to work for larger freedom from within and to secure the appointment of a liberal to the next vacant parish. The authorities, in accordance with their legal rights in cases of this kind, would no doubt appoint an orthodox preacher to Herr Jatho's vacant pulpit.

* * *

MR. FREDERIC SHIELDS, who died last Sunday, was an artist who lived so intensely in his work that his personality was little known to the public. Alike in his humble origin, his early training in craftsmanship, and his single-minded devotion to the symbolic and decorative value of religious art, he had more in common with some of the great Italians than almost any other modern painter of equal gifts. He will be remembered as the devoted friend of Ford Madox Brown, for whom he secured the commission for the famous frescoes in the Manchester City Hall, and as the companion of Rossetti. In the dark days which preceded Rossetti's end the latter friendship remained unbroken, and he was with Rossetti when he died.

* * *

IN the decoration of the Chapel of the Ascension in the Bayswater-road Mr. Shields has given his life-work to the world. Slowly the noble scheme has grown under his hand, unheralded by critical eulogy or popular applause, until it seems almost by accident that the discovery has been made of the presence in modern London of a building all beautiful within with the visions of the soul and the drama of redemption, which may be mentioned in the same breath with Padua and Assisi. There has been nothing quite like it in our time in definiteness of aim and consecration of purpose and final achievement.

OF the aims which controlled and inspired his work, Mr. Shields has spoken in words which may be quoted here as a fitting tribute to his memory: "An artist must walk in his art by the broad law of our Lord Jesus, that the Spirit alone giveth life, the flesh profiteth nothing; and as the primal motive of his work, search for the Spirit's mind in every subject presented for treatment, nor adding, nor diminishing, but as a servant of God's tabernacle, work, like Bezaleel, strictly after the pattern set by God, keeping well in mind that whoso seeks his own glory, whether in life or art, cannot be of the truth."

* * *

THE Chapel of the Ascension owes its origin to the religious idealism of Mrs. Russell Gurney. Her object was to provide a sanctuary of silence and vision "where all within should invite and conduce to withdrawal from the cares or pleasures of the great city's fleeting life, and to inward communion with the enduring unseen realities through their shadows cast upon the walls." On the left side of the central doorway these words are inscribed: "Passengers through the busy streets of London, enter this sanctuary for rest, and silence, and prayer. Let the pictured walls within speak of the past yet ever continuing ways of God with man." On the right side there are the words: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Come and rest awhile. Commune with your own hearts and be still. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

* * *

WHEN Mrs. Gurney first began to talk about her project of a Chapel of Silence among her friends, she did not receive much encouragement. The idea was too remote from the English tradition of ordered services and vocal prayer. Even now many visitors to the chapel look upon it as an empty shrine waiting for the solemn rites of worship; or perhaps they are reminded of some dismantled church where the art remains, but the altar is gone. But the appeal, with its reliance upon a symbolism more universal than that of words, has a unique beauty and significance for per-

plexed minds and tired hearts in the noise of the great city. It is a place apart; and we hope that no desire to make it more popular will ever induce its custodians to forget Mrs. Gurney's desire that it should be kept as a haven of spiritual rest and a sanctuary of silence.

* * *

AN interesting memorial to the late Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., was unveiled last week by Mrs. Watts in the cemetery at Compton, Surrey. At the top of the cemetery a cloister has been erected 91 ft. long by 7 ft. wide. The front consists of archways, and it is entered by wrought-iron gates. Two tablets in memory of the artist have been placed upon the wall. They are in ivory tinted terra cotta, and were executed from the designs of Mr. Watts. One "The Destiny," represents the beginning of life, and the other "The Messenger," the end of life. In the centre there is a recumbent figure of Mr. Watts, the work of Mr. Thomas Wren, of The Hostel, Compton. The inscription underneath is as follows:—
1817. GEORGE FREDERIC WATTS. 1904.
As one "that doeth Truth cometh to the Light,"

So he, living, sought light diligently,
And dying, could say, "Now I see that great Light."

So may man's soul be sure of vision
When suddenly she is sure of Light.
For this Light is from Him, and is He.
PLOTINUS, A.D. 200.

* * *

A NATIONAL Industrial Education League was inaugurated by a Conference which was held at the Guildhall on Monday afternoon. The object is to urge the Government to establish a system of industrial and professional and commercial training into which all children shall pass as a matter of course. The King sent a message of sympathy with the objects which it was desired to secure, and letters were also read from the Prime Minister and Mr. Balfour. Mr. Balfour wrote as follows:—"A very great deal has been done to organise the machinery of education throughout the country. The expenditure it involves is great, and sometimes lavish. Whether we always direct it in precisely the right direction is another question. I don't think anyone who has watched education and industrial progress at home and abroad can be without some misgiving on the point."

* * *

THE chief resolution, which was moved by Sir John Gorst and passed after considerable discussion, was in the following terms:—"This Conference views with grave concern the large number of children annually leaving school without practical training for definite vocations, and resolves that a national system of industrial, professional, and commercial training

should be established to which the children shall pass as a matter of course (unless the parents are prepared to undertake their future training), and without interval, for a definite period, to be thoroughly trained for entry to the particular calling for which they are best fitted, such training to be under fully qualified instructors. That the Government be urged to provide by legislation such a complete system of training free to all scholars and the expenses thereof defrayed from the National Exchequer."

* * *

IN moving this resolution, Sir John Gorst said that he did not think much progress would be made until the Government took the matter up and made continuation schools compulsory. The three chief obstacles were the reluctance of the child, the reluctance of the parent, and the reluctance of the employer of boy and girl labour. Child labour could be, and was, profitably employed, as in the Post Office and the boy messenger companies, and unless this could be prevented and it was generally realised what were the effects upon the race of this system, child labour would continue, and all ideas of giving higher education in continuation schools would vanish.

* * *

AN important letter by Dr. J. Lionel Tayler on the subject of Co-Education appeared in the Saturday *Westminster* last week. Dr. Tayler deprecates the tone of dogmatism which often characterises the discussion of the subject, and points out that biological studies, in spite of the small esteem in which they are held by some co-educationists, have a good deal of light to throw upon the subject. He suggests that the whole matter, its advantages, its difficulties, its possible dangers, should be studied not from the point of view of *a priori* preferences, but in the light of carefully prepared evidence, impartially drawn up, that can be critically examined.

* * *

"OPINION," he says, "is very much divided on the question whether the sexes can better develop their respective individualities in separate or in mixed schools. Would it not be possible to submit certain of the best girl and boy day schools and co-education day-schools for scientific comparison by competent outside opinion, to test the value of the two methods? And the various factors of after-health, after-parental capacity, after-social fitness of scholars, as well as their present state, would, of course, be inquired into. If this could be done, perhaps what is best in the two movements could be incorporated to form a genuinely scientific ideal growing out of both. . . . Is it not possible to appeal to a larger national spirit in this matter, and for all interested to join in a common, careful, unbiassed inquiry?"

A LENTEN MEDITATION.

ONE of the hard tasks that is laid upon us as religious people is that of winning a firm supremacy for the soul and its spiritual aims in the world of our own desires. It would, indeed, be strange if it were not possible for us to do this, if we could mould other things to shape and use, making them the vehicles of our thought and love to other minds, and were powerless to subdue into ordered and beautiful obedience that part of the physical world to which we are bound in closest intimacy, our own body. But however much we may dwell upon the tyranny of physical conditions, in moments of sober self-knowledge we accept this lordship of the soul. The body yields continually to the demands of the life within, the most stubborn physical resistance is overcome, sleeping powers are roused into activity, the flesh is trained in habits of swift obedience to the dictates of the will, and of imperious repression of the false promptings of desire. Slowly the body, which seemed so unyielding, in some respects so completely the victim of physical necessity, is moulded into an instrument of life. It becomes the courier of the soul, bearing messages of truth and love and noble spiritual purpose to other men. And this is not all. At length, by some strange alchemy, it comes to bear a likeness to the fair and holy ends which it has been trained to serve, and the flesh is recognised simply as the translucent veil of the divine charity which burns on the hidden altar of the heart.

WORDSWORTH has described in words of imperishable beauty the influence of nature in moulding physical form into some likeness to itself:—

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willows bend;

Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear

In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward
round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

It is an easy step from this world of which WORDSWORTH speaks to the things which eye hath not seen nor ear heard—the world of beautiful thought and high purpose, of devoted love and sweet and holy longing which dwells in the soul of man. It, too, has the power to mould the form by silent sympathy, until beauty born of celestial joys and deep intimacy with the things of God shall pass into the face. We are told that the face of MOSES shone with the reflected light of Heaven as he came down from the Divine presence on Sinai. The body of CHRIST was trans-

figured into dazzling radiance in the light of his purpose to die for the love of men. The long musings of St. FRANCIS on the Passion of his Lord printed themselves in the stigmata, the very marks of the torturing nails, on his hands and feet. And these are not merely records of ancient marvel; they are parables and symbols of strange spiritual happenings in our own experience. When we think of those who have shined with some of the glory of sainthood on our own lives we recall a light in the eyes, an accent in the voice, a delicacy in the features, a reverent refinement in the whole bearing and demeanour, which spoke of the silent world within, as though some ethereal influence had touched the grossness of the flesh, and the body were indeed the living vesture of the soul.

Physical beauty in the sense of elegance of form and limb is, to a large extent, out of our control; but spiritual beauty is in the power of the spiritual man. We take the likeness of the world in which we are content to dwell. The thoughts and desires and ambitions which we choose for our daily companions print their likeness on the face, and either coarsen or refine the features. The look of calmness, of patience, of courage, of resignation, of saintliness, the demeanour in whose presence evil shrinks back like dark things of night at the coming of the dawn, the clear eye, the upright presence, the strong and noble face, which inspire confidence in other men, the good manners which have become a habit of Christian sympathy and respect, the wistful delicacy of countenance which seems to invite confidence on the things of the heart—men are not born so, nor are these things simply the result of some happy accident of fortune. They are in the deepest sense a supernatural grace, the ripe fruit of long spiritual discipline, of a severe daily subjection of the body to the teaching and training of the spirit. This is high creative work. Perhaps in no other direction does the artistic faculty in man so surely come to its own. It is not lifeless canvas, or unyielding stone, but the human body, this sensitive and shrinking flesh, this palpitating tissue of muscles and nerves which is the medium of revelation for the thought and wonder of the soul. By the discipline of obedience and faithfulness it has been fashioned into a living scripture of God.

There is, we venture to suggest, in this thought of the triumph of spiritual power over physical conditions, a refutation of much of the materialism and of the feeble slavery to circumstances which are so prevalent at the present day. And there is, at the same time, a stern warning to all of us who may be inclined to disparage the value of the practice of self-control and of habits of regular and persistent religious discipline, that there is no other way, even if often it be a *via crucis*, by which we can subdue our own warring desires to the lord-

ship of what is holy and just and true. A human body in noble subjection to the life that uses it is itself among the invincible arguments for a spiritual world. It bears unceasing witness to the victory of the spirit over the flesh, and to the presence of God, who has chosen the frail earthly tenement to be the temple of His Spirit and the dwelling of His Love.

LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

EMILY BRONTË.

THE story of the Brontë family is one of the most haunting in all our literary annals. In their early childhood six little toddlers, potential geniuses all of them, in charge of the eldest girl aged seven, could be seen going for their daily walk on the wild Yorkshire moors. Their gentle mother meanwhile lay on her bed in the Rectory, stricken with a mortal malady, and died in 1821. All through their girlhood and struggling womanhood there is a deep pathos, a sense of the *lachrymæ rerum* in the lives of the three sisters Charlotte, Emily, and Anne that touches the heart and stirs the imagination in no ordinary way.

Mr. Brontë was an Irishman of strong and independent character. He left Ireland and went up to Cambridge in days when the process was not so easy as it is now. His wife was of Cornish birth, a woman of pure and elevated mind and great refinement of character. Their children were thus doubly endowed with the Celtic temperament, a fact that throws light on many elements in their genius and character. They all had a touch of that melancholy, that gloom which pervades the atmosphere of Irish poetry and folk-lore. We see it in many a pair of Welsh eyes that seem to penetrate the impenetrable mysteries, and hear it in the wail of the old national songs and hymns. Charlotte was immensely attracted by the poetry of Cowper. Religious melancholy threw a sad shade over Anne's short life. Emily had strong religious feeling and an ever-present sense of the eternal which found frequent expression in her poems. All through their history there seems to be a sense of the coming doom as acute as that in a Greek tragedy. Death removes them one by one—first two girls, then the only brother, then Emily and Anne, both victims of consumption, within a few months of each other. Subsequently the father became blind, and later Charlotte died after nine months of married happiness, the only peaceful time of her troubled and anxious life.

Being a clergyman of the old-fashioned type, Mr. Brontë was a strong Tory to whom Radicalism and dissent were of the devil. His daughters were keen politicians and shared in the great rejoicings over the rejection of the Reform Bill of 1832 by the House of Lords. Later in life, however, Charlotte awed into silence a smug and self-satisfied curate who attacked Dissent. Doubtless her wider intercourse with the outer world, her contact with minds like

Harriet Martineau, the Gaskells, and Francis Newman proved to her that there was some soul of good in Dissenters if not in Dissent.

These girls were equipped for domestic work as few girls even of ordinary capacity are in our day, and they were most scrupulous in the discharge of their feminine duties. Emily was left in charge of the household at one period when the others were in school, and she could be seen by passers-by eagerly reading German while kneading the bread—and without detriment to the latter.

All three of them felt their unusual powers stirring within them at an early age, but they wrote nothing of any consequence till they were over twenty. Emily's talent was undoubtedly supreme. Mrs. Gaskell, who heard much of her from Charlotte, says she must have been a "remnant of the Titans," but her genius was not recognised for many years, not till Sydney Dobell, to Charlotte's great joy, wrote of "Wuthering Heights" with sympathetic insight and understanding. She was a genuine product of those wild and lonely moors that she loved so passionately. Life was intolerable away from them. When she was in Brussels for a few months the intense yearning of her heart for home amounted almost to anguish, and found vent in one of her most beautiful poems:—

There is a spot mid barren hills
Where winter howls and driving rain;
But, if the dreary tempest chills,
There is a light that warms again.

The house is old, the trees are bare,
Moonless above bends twilight's dome;
But what on earth is half so dear—
So longed for—as the hearth of home?

There she could freely roam, there she could realise the liberty which was the very breath of her nostrils, and the restraint of school life was more than she could bear without repining.

A complete edition* of her poems is now published for the first time with an introductory essay by Sir Robertson Nicoll. This ought to gain her a wider circle of readers, for to this day she is little known except among the elect. Some of the poems are marvellous in their power of passionate expression of the deep things of life. But the form is frequently inadequate to the thought, and makes us wonder to what heights she would not have climbed had she reached her full development, as we have often wondered what Shelley would have added to the lustre of his name had the Spezzian Gulf not claimed him in his youth. The poems now printed for the first time are not equal in merit to those given to the world by her sister, who showed an unerring instinct in her choice. "The Little Stoic" is, perhaps, the best known of all, and those majestic "Last Lines" which for stately dignity and strength of feeling cannot be surpassed in English poetry. These were found on her desk after her death—her last will and testament, and what a legacy to succeeding generations of struggling humanity!

No coward soul is mine,

No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere;

I see Heaven's glories shine
And faith shines equal, arming me
from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in
thee.

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts: unutterably
vain;

Worthless as withered weeds
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity.
So surely anchored on
The stedfast rock of Immortality.

Why has part of this incomparable song
of triumphant faith not found its way into
our hymn-books?

This is the real Emily Brontë—strong
and self-reliant, unflinching in the face of
her many trials as she was when the angel
of Death approached. During her years
of suffering she would have no sympathy,
she would not be questioned, she would not
go to bed. She died, when twenty-nine,
standing on her feet leaning one hand on
the table in that little rectory parlour.
Yet, spite of this stern self-sufficiency,
the softer elements were very much in
evidence in her complex character. She
had a passionate love for animals. Her
devotion to her family was great; she was
more patient and tender than her sisters
towards her erring brother in his last ill-
ness; and the pathos of some of her
poems, e.g., "A Death Scene," is pro-
foundly moving.

In the light of the modern movement
for the emancipation of woman which has
developed so rapidly during the last ten
years, Emily Brontë is more easily under-
stood than she was in her own day, or
even twenty years ago. The three sisters
felt the tyranny of sex. When the mild
and gentle Anne was governess in a family,
she was bidden by her employer to walk
humbly behind him and his children when
they went out. She chafed when she
realised that "she was not considered as a
living rational being." Charlotte bitterly
resented some of G. H. Lewes's criticism
of her work, and rebuked him for dealing
with her not as a human being who was
an author, but merely as a woman. They
all sacrificed themselves without a murmur
to their only brother, a youth of parts who
wasted his life in profligacy. They
deplored his coarse talk and evil ways,
but the conventional morality of the day
allowed such "manly" exercises. Never
has the holy sacrifice of woman on the
altar of man's selfishness met with a
more miserable reward. Had the sisters
risen in revolt against the accepted ideas,
which they knew to be false, they might
have helped him more effectively into a
pure and strong manhood than by accept-
ing his conduct as one of the inevitable
trials of their life.

The key to the difficulties which have
always been felt to attach to her character
is surely to be found in those stanzas:—

I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,
And not in paths of high morality,
And not among the half-distinguished faces
The clouded forms of long past history.

I'll walk where my own nature would be
leading.

It vexes me to choose another guide:
Where the grey flocks in ferny glens are
feeding,
Where the wild wind blows on the moun-
tain side.

This has been the cry of fettered woman-
hood down through the ages—for freedom
to walk where her own divinest nature
would be leading. Here was a woman of
lofty genius, conscious of mighty forces
working within her, yet baffled, with no
outlet. Her one consuming passion was
Liberty. Her whole being cried out for
freedom to be *her very self*, to give expres-
sion to the "God within her breast," to
serve humanity in her own way, to exercise
her altruistic qualities, not only on her
brother, but on the broader field of human
life without dictation from the conventional
ideas as to what was right and what was
wrong for a woman to do. To quote her
own poignant words in "The Prisoner":—

"—intense the agony—
When the ear begins to hear, and the eye
begins to see,
When the pulse begins to throb, the brain
to think again;
The soul to feel the flesh, and the flesh to
feel the chain."

UNWANTED WILLIAM.

HE lay on his back by the road side
gazing into the blue of the sky, and a
passer-by might have been forgiven for
classifying him at a glance as that product
of present-day civilisation known as a
"Weary Willie." And, indeed, as it
happened, his name *was* William, and he
was certainly weary; moreover, he was
admittedly "on the tramp." But in one
respect, at least, he was not true to type,
for this weary William really was in search
of work. Possibly he would not have
waxed enthusiastic had he found it. Enthusiasm for work is not a common
foible under any circumstances, and the
conditions in which William had been born
and bred rendered such an exalted senti-
ment in his case impossible. He was
physically and mentally a degenerate. Still he really had wanted work; had
sought it earnestly during the three weeks
he had been on tramp. But now he was
convinced that there was no more demand
in the country than there had been in
the town for such services as he had to
offer.

However, he was not just then thinking
of his search and its failure. As he gazed
sky-ward the problem troubling him was
how to find shelter for the night. A
passing wayfarer had just told him that
the nearest workhouse was eight miles
away, and to William those eight miles
seemed as hopeless a distance as eighty.
For in addition to a general weariness and
a sinking of the inner man with which he
was familiar enough, he had another
trouble—two large blisters on his tired
feet. There was a doss-house, this same
wayfarer had said, halfway, where good
beds could be had for sixpence, but it was
doubtful whether the information was of
any use to William. Four miles seemed

as impossible as eight, and moreover he
possessed not a coin in the world. He
had had threepence that day. A man on
horseback had flung it to him for opening
a gate, but William had spent it on beer.
Nor did he even now regret the fact that
he had done so. It was the only means
known to him by which it was possible
to escape reality. For quite an hour he
had, under its influence, felt hopeful,
courageous, almost master of adverse fate.
Now, of course, in contrast his position
and prospects looked more drab and
dismal than ever; still, he felt that the
money had been well expended. For that
brief hour he had known a little—how very
little it was William was unaware—of the
joy of living.

And, for the time being, he was content
enough. The sun shone brightly, and it
was bliss to rest his tired limbs on the warm
earth. But he was aware that he could
not remain there. The nights were chilly.
William, however, would have thought
little of that; it was the strong arm of the
law he dreaded, and the law looked sternly
on vagabonds who were found sleeping
by the wayside, almost as sternly as upon
those more luxurious wayfarers who pre-
ferred the comfort to be found in barn or
hayshed. But William had that very day
met a man who had just "done" fourteen
days for having been found asleep on the
top of a haystack, and the story had
seemed to him an awful warning. He had
often so trespassed, but he was resolved
to venture no more upon private property.
For, as yet, prison possessed for him the
terrors of the unknown. And he had
already had one very narrow escape from
its awful portals. For the last week he
had been tramping in company with a
chance acquaintance of the road. He had
not even known the man's name, but they
had got on well together. They had taken
it in turn to beg for what they needed,
and had loyally shared results. But
William had been lucky; his friend had not.
A policeman had pounced upon him in the
very act of asking for bread at a cottage
door, and William, unable to help his
friend, afraid even to let it be discovered
that he was his associate, had seen him
dragged away, and had then shuffled off
alone. As he moved a little further
into the sunshine he wondered where his
mate was at that moment. Surely he him-
self was better off in that he had his liberty.
But then his thoughts took a gloomier
complexion. What was the use of liberty
if it meant starvation? Work he could
not get, and now he was afraid to beg.
He had not dared to do so once that day,
and, in consequence, he felt even queerer
inside than usual. He had spent the
previous night in the workhouse, and had
had breakfast that morning before he left.
Since then he had tasted nothing but the
beer in which he had so recklessly indulged.
Perhaps it was because of this that his brain
absolutely refused to tackle the problem
before him with any energy. The state
of William's stomach was seldom con-
ducive to strenuous thinking; such was
its condition now. So he basked in the
sunshine and thought of nothing at all
in particular for quite a long time, but
presently he found himself wondering
what was beyond those depths of blue
into which he gazed.

Now William had once been to Sunday-school. There was a mission in the slum in which he had been reared, and in connection with it there had been a yearly tea-party for its Sunday-school scholars. William, at the suggestion of a companion much more astute than himself, had once put in a carefully calculated minimum of attendances in order to qualify for this treat. Only a slight impression had been made upon his ill-nourished brain by what he heard at the school, but he had grasped the idea that there was a place called Heaven, and, of course, he thought of it as "up," not "down," so doubtless Heaven lay beyond the blue. William wondered whether there was a place up there for him. He had not been particularly wicked, he thought, as he compared himself with those amongst whom he had been brought up. He could just remember his mother. She had been popularly considered feeble-minded. His father had always been an unknown quantity. As he thought of the struggle he had had to maintain existence, he felt that the mere fact that he had kept out of gaol was the hall-mark, so to speak, of his morality. And, indeed, it seemed to him only common justice that there should be a place for him up there, since it was very clear to him that he was not wanted down here. (William was modest, but possibly not more so than the truth warranted.) And as he mused thus, a scene he had once witnessed came before his mental vision—the picture of a man leaping to self-destruction in the docks near his own native slum. William had seen the body drawn out some hours later, and there had been a smile on the face of the corpse which he had never forgotten. He had liked to remember that there was always one way out of terrestrial troubles. He wondered whether he would ever be brave enough for such a step, and, so wondering, he fell asleep.

When he awoke the sun had declined considerably. He sat up and shivered. Presently he rose, stretched himself, and went a little way in the direction of the distant workhouse. But each step was agony; he felt sick and faint. He leaned against a fence and looked over into a stream of water which ran through the field on the other side. Near the fence the bank was steep and the water deep. At the far side it shelved off on to a pebbly beach. William wondered whether bathing his blisters would assuage their burning pain. He thought it might, but he was not fond of cold water. He stood and gazed into the stream undecided. Presently it began to fascinate him, as the blue depths of the sky had done, and as he continued to gaze his previous train of thought came back to him. If the blue represented the place awaiting him, here was the way to get to it. He shivered as he thought of the cold water, but he shuddered at the prospect of that eight miles trudge to the workhouse. His brain worked very slowly, but he went carefully over each feature of the situation once more. Work he could not get; steal he must not; beg he must not. He must not sleep in the open; he must not trespass on private property; workhouses were far apart. He was not wanted here, and there

was a presumably better place awaiting him elsewhere. Moreover, it occurred to him that unless he did something speedily, he might even be led into some transgression which would lose him his right to that place also. So he began to climb the fence. Before he did so he had looked to see whether there was any notice board warning off trespassers, for he was anxious to show all due respect to authority. But there was none, so he got over. A tree grew beside the pool. William laid hold of one of the lower branches and leaned over the water. It certainly did not look inviting, but he remembered the smile he had seen on that drowned man's face. After all, it would soon be over. He told himself that his mind was quite made up. Possibly it was, but his will-power was by no means strong. It is doubtful whether the plunge would ever have been deliberately taken, but as he leaned and gazed he turned a little dizzy; perhaps it was not surprising that he did so, considering the vacancy of his inner man. And somehow he slipped in. There was a splash, a stifled gurgle, and the wayfarer went down—down. He came up gasping only to sink again. Once more he rose to the surface, and this time a stout arm clothed in blue caught the struggling wretch, and with a gigantic effort hauled him to the bank. It is impossible to say whether William's first impulse was or was not one of gratitude towards his rescuer. Certainly he did not pause to analyse his own emotions, for all sensation was swallowed up in the knowledge that he was in the custody of a stalwart policeman.

"I thought as 'ow that was yer little game," said the man in blue. "But I had my eye on ye, my man, and now you've got to go along with me."

"I wasn't doing nobody any harm," faltered William, between his chattering teeth.

"Likely not, but the law don't hold with folks a drownin' theirselves. So come along."

William turned this remark over slowly in his mind. Of course he had known all along that suicide was illegal, and yet for the time being he had forgotten it completely. So the Law, the great and mighty, and to be respected Law, while it did nothing to find a man work, said that he must neither steal, nor beg, nor yet take it upon himself to depart from this vale of tears when he felt that he could no longer live upon air. Surely there was something funny about it somewhere, thought William. And then he looked up into the eyes of his captor and made the very first attempt he had ever made at a joke.

"I say, mister," he asked, "do you think the law would be so kind as to allow ye to shoot me?"

But Constable Jones, having no clue to the thread of William's thoughts, saw neither humour nor pathos in the remark—merely impertinence. He gave the dripping wretch in his clutches a shake that set his teeth chattering even faster than they were doing already, and then, holding him at arm's length from his spotless uniform, he dragged him along, blisters and all, in the direction of the local police station.

HARD SAYINGS OF JESUS.

V.

"Why callest thou me good? None is good save one, God."—Mark x. 18.

THIS reply of Jesus to the rich young man proved too hard a saying for the author of the first Gospel, who, therefore, presents at this point a different narrative. "Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may inherit eternal life? And Jesus said unto him, Why askest thou me concerning the good? One there is who is good." Matthew was the ecclesiastical and popular Gospel, most largely used in church teaching. Its contents and the numerical plan which it betrays made it eminently suitable for the purpose of instruction. One result of this usage was that it was apparently edited and made easy. It could never be that our Lord had declined the title "Good." It must have been that the young man was interested in the question of the chief good. The saying in Mark is, however, not only authentic, but also fitting. Jesus, acquainted with the ways of inquisitors who wished to catch him in his talk, suspected the employment of flattery. Commonly, in the Gospels, a subtle question follows a polite address. But Christ was not susceptible to flattery. He spoke with scorn of Pharisees, who loved salutations in the market place, and to be called of men "Rabbi"; and the pagan practice of lauding their rulers met with his severe contempt. "They that lord it over them are called benefactors!" Hence the answer of Jesus is an unexpected rebuke. Afterwards, when he had listened to the young man's declaration of faith, he looked upon him and loved him.

Yet our Lord's reply is more than a rebuke—it is a revelation. It is one of many indications of the simple humanity of Jesus. Our Master placed himself on the side of struggling humanity, and acknowledged his own dependence on the goodness of God. The theory of Christ's sinlessness is not involved. That Jesus was tempted is certain, that he sinned our scanty records nowhere show. Such evidence as we possess points to the conclusion of the writer to the Hebrews, "tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin." Nevertheless, confessions of the natural limitations of our Lord are by no means wanting. One such is this saying, another is the cry on the cross, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Schmiedel collects nine passages which he calls "the foundation pillars for a truly scientific life of Jesus." They are not the only passages he holds to be credible, far from it; but they constitute the greatest difficulty which the denial of Christ's historicity involves.

Though he sinned not, Jesus realised the woe and wretchedness of sin. The seer, more than the sceptic, penetrates the mystery of life, and the saint, more than the sinner, walks in the valley of humiliation, even as also he climbs the mount of transfiguration. The best man is bound by nature to be engaged in a lifelong endeavour after betterment. Self-satisfac-

tion is a sure sign of inward decay. The Pharisee in the temple was not what is called a wicked man. We may accept him on his own estimate—to do him no injustice. He was generous in charity, scrupulous in ritualistic observance, honest in business, and free from sensual vice. But, in the regard of Jesus, his boastful parade of virtue made him less acceptable to God than one who would not so much as lift up his eyes unto heaven, but smote his breast saying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." The man truly conscious of the Divine presence is, like the prophet Isaiah, abashed by a sense of his own shortcomings. The rich young man who questioned Christ may have been somewhat too conscious of his own rectitude. Therefore, it was necessary that one whom he recognised as his superior should reject the attribute of goodness. Jesus directed him to God, the giver of all good gifts, whose claims upon his children are as unlimited as his love towards them. Obedience to law, written or unwritten, afforded no entrance into the Kingdom; it was love that flung wide the gates that opened into the realm of peace. Christ's conviction that goodness is at the heart of the universe, and love is its supreme law, lies at the very centre of his religion. "Men of pre-eminent saintliness," writes the historian of mysticism, "agree in what they tell us. They tell us that they have arrived at an unshakeable conviction that God is a Spirit with whom the human spirit can hold intercourse; that in Him meet all that they can imagine of goodness, truth, and beauty; that they can see his footprints everywhere in nature, and feel his presence within them as the very life of their life, so that in proportion as they come to themselves they come to Him."

A WOODLAND CLOISTER.

THERE is a closer connection than we are sometimes wont to think between the Gothic arch and column of our ecclesiastical buildings and a grove of majestic beeches, whose smooth, straight boles support an arched roof of leafy foliage in summer time. The former was most probably the outcome of an idea inspired by the latter. In an age when a love of the beautiful was allied to a profound faith in holy things, the arboreal grove undoubtedly suggested the arch and column for the sanctuary. Do not the brightness and even playfulness of the Gothic spirit imply an origin in close touch with Nature herself?

The connection frequently impresses itself on the mind in the seclusion of a delightful wood where beeches and yews predominate. Under the latter there is at all seasons a dim, religious light. Such a scene naturally suggests the peaceful meditation of the cloister, and it has been my privilege to have been in communion with every phase of its beauty during four seasons. The wild blue hyacinth and the pale primrose beautified the cloister paths in the days of early spring. Then with the outburst of buds and green leaf came the migrant

host, chief among which were the nightingale, the blackcap, and willow wren, whose songs were almost continuous from dawn to sunset, Philomel alone singing on far into the night. An occasional hoot from a neighbouring wood revealed the presence of the brown owl, and from a distant field came the plaintive wail of a wakeful lapwing. When leafy June had passed the songsters ceased their carols, but remained until the turn of the leaf. The squirrels then had the happiest of times among the beech mast. Late autumn saw the pathways covered with the ruddy leaves of the beeches, and every spot was aglow with colour under soft autumnal sunshine. The timorous hare occasionally sought the peace of the cloister, and once Reynard and I met face to face at a bend in the way.

Winter has now reigned supreme in the cloister for three months, but there has been no lack of beauty incident to the season. After several white frosts, the sun's rays had not penetrated to some of the pathways, hence, in places, the fallen beech leaves were sprinkled with virgin white. In other spots there were patches of snow left by the north-easterly blasts of a blizzard which had just spent its force. Several herons have taken up their quarters in the wood, and on frequent occasions have I disturbed them from the tops of the yews. The sentinel on guard quickly sounds the alarm bugle, "fraak, fraak," and immediately they all circle round in mid-air, their huge wings beating slowly and rhythmically, till assured there is no danger, when they again settle in another part of the wood. How quickly wild life takes alarm in the silence of the cloister. The herons rouse a number of pigeons, jays, and blackbirds that were peacefully settled, and at once all is commotion. I was the representative of their arch-enemy, Man—the disturber of the woodlanders in their quiet contemplation.

Already there are signs of a re-birth in this woodland retreat. Dead leaves cannot hide from view fresh green shoots of primrose roots, and a few of these have burst into tiny flowerets. What a promise of days to come do these awaken! Wild hyacinth leaves are also several inches above the ground, and all around, too, dog's mercury is breaking forth. Yes, to appreciate the re-birth of Nature, you must visit Flora's domain in the dark and cheerless days of winter.

As Richard Jefferies well says, you should know these places in winter, not only in the tempting summer-time. The mire and slippery paths should be faced. Only by so doing can you enjoy the full significance of the renaissance of woodland and meadow loveliness, by traversing the same places when bare, and watching the slow fulfilment of the flowers.

What an awakener of the woods is the green woodpecker! Hail and snow showers have just fallen, but his laughing yaffle is a bold note of defiance to the elements, for he knows the signs of the times speak of coming days when insect life will be once more abundant. We rejoice with him. Winter is fast turning to spring in the woodland cloister.

H. V. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.]

DOCTRINE AND EXPERIENCE.

SIR,—In your leading article last week you raise the question of the relation between religious experience and religious doctrine. I venture to think that no question is more important at the present time, when men in all denominations, dissatisfied with most denominational divisions, are endeavouring to find, without having to surrender any precious experience or conviction, a wider basis of union for Christian work and worship. I should like to suggest the following considerations arising out of the question referred to above.

First, there are varieties of experience. I might refer to Professor James' book by way of illustration, but an illustration is at hand in the letter in your columns from Mr. R. N. Cross a fortnight ago. Mr. Cross wrote: "The Evangelical and I are apart . . . because he believes in the soul of him that Christ's blood reconciles him to God . . . and I don't believe that at all." Here is a difference in experience. The impression produced in the mind of the "Evangelical" by the sacrifice of Christ leads him to the belief that he has found reconciliation with God. The manifestation of love in the cross gives him the assurance of divine forgiveness. Mr. Nicol Cross has no such experience. He finds God in other ways and by other means. Now, should we raise here the question which is right or which is "better"? Why should it be assumed that one experience is of a higher spiritual order than the other? Applying the pragmatic test it would be difficult to make good an assumption of that kind. This difference in experience means, no doubt, a difference in the type of character. But why may not both types of character reflect something of the character of God? There should be no question here of a boxing contest to prove which is the "fittest" and which is to "survive," but a frank recognition of the fact that both are good and both will survive in a wider experience which is to be gained, and can only be gained, in fellowship. Mr. Cross appears to think that the "Evangelical" and he must remain apart because of their psychological differences. But as a matter of fact there are in the "Unitarian Community" at the present day those who share the experience of the "Evangelical" and those, like Mr. Cross, who "don't believe that at all."

Second, as experience varies so doctrine varies. Doctrine is the interpretation of experience and experience needs doctrine for its interpretation. Although we may and should distinguish experience from doctrine we may not separate these any more than we may separate thought from feeling. Theologians have attempted to do so, and with disastrous consequences. More than one church to-day finds itself fettered with forms and confessions of faith which cannot honestly now be re-

garded as confessions of the Church's faith at all. Nevertheless doctrine is important. Without doctrine we can never know except in a "vague kind of way" what the religious significance of our experience is. If Christianity is a life, Christianity is doctrine also. Christian doctrine is required to interpret and make intelligible the religious meaning of the Christian life. But while doctrine is thus important it derives its importance, and all the importance it can ever possess, just from the fact of its being an interpretation of experience, and that being so, what we are to do ("the evangelical" and Mr. Cross) is not to engage in a theological wrangle which has regard to the mere form of the doctrine, and which will go on interminably since each man is defending something he will not surrender, his own vital experience, but to try to understand sympathetically the experience out of which the doctrine arises, realising also that language at its best is but an imperfect vehicle of thought and feeling. Differences in doctrine, the outcome of differences in experience, will be transcended as experience widens, but fellowship is essential to the widening of experience. As Mr. Thomas expressed it in your last issue. "Any ordinary man's experience is pitifully inadequate to the fulness of the glory of life there is to be experienced. Where I lick another may abound. A third may in some measure make up for the penury of us both. In this way the totality of separate Christian experience flows into the corporate life of the Church, and is in some sense held, organised, and unified there."—Yours, &c.

JOSEPH WORTHINGTON.

Belfast, March 1, 1911.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

THE NEW GOSPEL OF WOMANHOOD.*

WHEN Elizabeth Barrett Browning died, Edward Fitzgerald burst out: "No more Aurora Leighs, thank God! A woman of real genius I know; but what is the upshot of it all? She and her sex had better mind the kitchen." There are, no doubt, many belated Podsnaps still declaiming the same ideal of the eternal womanly on the Podsnappian hearthrug, and still waving up the chimney with a comprehensive sweep all that vast change of central conditions of which Aurora Leigh was an earlier voice. Mr. Podsnap will continue to hold the hearthrug in unmoved denial until such time as it becomes imperative on him to declare that "all that" is nothing new, and he knew it before. As to the kitchen, that sphere of labour where her sovereignty is not contested, it is not that the modern woman either decries or deserts it. It is simply that she sees this domain like every other is invaded by mechanical force, and that labour-saving machinery will increasingly take the place of the old, crude, physical labour which was the real business of life (in Fitzgerald's

view) even of Mrs. Browning. She must readjust herself to life; "as the old fields of labour close up behind her, she demands entrance into the new." For herself, for man, for the race, she must flee from the sex-parasitism which threatens her, and progress side by side with the male half of humanity.

Ever since "Ralph Iron" arrested the thoughtful and shocked the conventional by "The Story of an African Farm," the world has admitted the claim of Oliver Schreiner to speak on and for her sex. She is among its major prophets, and, like all major prophets, she sounds a tragic undertone of warning. It is marked in her new book, "Woman and Labour." She has no time, no heart, for marking the play of humour over the deeps. The great truths and great falsehoods, the passionate struggles and poignant problems and paralysing futilities, the disgusts and enthusiasms and dangers which sum themselves up in the woman movement, penetrate her soul and her language. It all lies too deep for smiles; almost, it seems, as we scan her quivering sentences, too deep for tears. She writes with her heart's blood, and so one does not laugh. So it comes to pass that she cannot look on the parasite woman with the tolerant and humorous geniality which Mrs. Putnam, covering something of the same ground, has recently so charmingly displayed. But of one thing we may be sure—she will be read. Readers will condemn the book, pelt it, dislike it, quote it, admire it, rejoice in it, detest it; but friends and foes alike must take account of it. For many a long day it will be the textbook of the Woman Movement. For of all the books written by women about Woman, this is the most far-reaching—notwithstanding that it is only the pathetic fragment of a greater work largely accomplished, but fallen a victim to the inevitable brutalities of the South African War.

Olive Schreiner plucks out the very heart of the whole question, and shows that the whole of humanity, not only the half, is involved in it. She probes right down to the essential, and finds that there man and woman are one, and their interests one, and that they never can be sundered without tears. The incoherent protests which woman is making at this or that point, she interprets as parts of a mighty whole, infinitely grander in sweep. And because, as she says, "it is possible that not one woman in ten thousand has grasped with scientific exactitude, and still less could express with verbal sharpness, the conditions which compel and animate her into action," she has set forth woman's thronging thoughts, stated her inarticulate instincts, in terms of precision and lucidity. The one supreme claim, the one grand protest made by the whole of vital womanhood today, whether instinctively and half-consciously or by means of the forbidding turbulence of the latest results, Olive Schreiner points out with keen incisiveness. She differentiates them from all side-issues, and places the alternative before us: Woman *fellow worker* with Man, and, like him, with all labour for her province; or *sex parasitism* and consequent degeneration, not only of the

woman, but of the whole human race which passes through her body.

There is no doubt that many of Mrs. Schreiner's positions will be controverted with the utmost fervour, and especially her position with regard to the reproductive function. Far from deploring the falling birth-rate, she maintains that modern conditions of diminishing death-rate, consequent on progressive amelioration of the physical conditions of life, have resulted in a necessary restriction of woman's primary function, and that the interests of the race demand a new stating of the social commandment.

"Thou shalt bear," was the command in the old days of replenishing the empty earth, of plagues and famines and wars and deadly wounds, of muscular human labour, of great demand for the bodies of men. "Thou shalt not bear in excess of thy power to rear and train satisfactorily" is the modern cry, arising from the many complex social causes which are themselves the propelling force behind the Woman Movement. "It is this fact . . . which awakes in the hearts of the ablest modern European woman," she declares, "their passionate, and at times it would seem almost incoherent, cry for new forms of labour and new fields for the exercise of their powers." But Olive Schreiner is not only concerned with the ideal of the modern woman. She shows very convincingly that it is also the ideal of the New Man. For him, too, marriage becomes increasingly "a fellowship of comrades" rather than the relationship of the keeper and the kept. He feels with her the moral and social obligation entailed by awakening life. "If the New Woman's conception of love between the sexes is one more largely psychic and intellectual than crudely and purely physical, and wholly of an affection between companions; the New Man's conception, as expressed in the most typical literature and art, produced by typically modern males, gives voice with a force no woman has surpassed to the same new ideal." If the lifelong companionship of a Tom Jones would be intolerable to the typically modern woman, that of a terrified Emilia or a fainting Sophia would be equally intolerable to the New Man. "If anywhere on earth exists the perfect ideal of that which the modern woman desires to be," says Olive Schreiner, "it will probably be found imaged in the heart of the New Man."

CHRIST FOR INDIA*

THIS book is a welcome evidence that the actual conditions of missionary work in India are at length being adequately recognised. It is notorious that such work has hitherto produced disappointing results, in spite of frequent self-sacrifice and individual heroism. Much of the failure has been due to a somewhat supercilious indifference to the contents of the native mind, and the psychological differences between East and West. We

* Woman and Labour. By Olive Schreiner. T. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.

* Christ for India. Being a Presentation of the Christian Message to the Religious Thought of India. By Bernard Lucas. Macmillan, London, 1910. Pp. xi. 448. 4s. 6d. net.

know now that great religious ideas have been worked out in India, and that they have a deep hold upon the people, and though we may be convinced that those ideas are not comparable with Christianity, they cannot be dismissed in the old absolute evangelical manner as merely superstition and benighted heathenism. Mr. Lucas understands all this, and points out the better way to those future apostles of India to whom he dedicates his book. He exhibits a real sympathy with the religious mind of India and a generous appreciation of its religious thought. He has a considerable knowledge of his opponent's case; he grants its excellences where they exist, and he does not attempt to destroy without showing that he has a greater truth to expound and urge.

So far, good; and yet Mr. Lucas's book makes a very unsatisfactory impression on our mind. There is a shrewd remark of Cotter Morrison's that an explained or defended religion has half ceased to be one; and the presentation of Christianity which Mr. Lucas offers is one which, even in his confident pages, wears throughout the aspect of explanation and defence. This criticism applies even to the first part of the book, in which the philosophical case for Christian Theism as against Indian Pantheism is set out; much of his criticism applies nearer home to types of thought that have sheltered themselves under the Christian name. It applies in a still greater degree to the second part, of which a great deal revolves around European controversies; especially, for example, the chapters on "The Resurrection of Jesus," and "The Jesus of History and the Christ of Theology." Defence and explanation, as offered by Mr. Lucas, are admirable in temper, learning and lucidity; but they are incompatible with the prophetic assurance and the indicative mood of the missionary *in partibus infidelium*. We can imagine that an educated Hindoo, attracted by the title, and reading this book, would put it aside as not timely; he would say that Christianity must first set its own house in order.

The truth is that Mr. Lucas's own presentation of Christianity is to some extent individualistic, and, in even great matters, not according to the traditions. We hope we do no injustice to his general position in isolating the following passages from their contexts:—

"It is sometimes forgotten that all the New Testament writers are Monotheists of the strictest kind, upon whose horizon a metaphysical doctrine of a Trinity has not even dawned. A Divinity is undoubtedly predicated of the exalted Christ, but it has nothing to do with any formulated conception of a second Person in a Trinity." (p. 389.)

"That which is bad morality cannot be good theology. . . . Vicarious punishment marks a lower stage of man's moral development, in which it presented no difficulty to the moral sense. At the present day it would be an outrage to civilisation."—(pp. 311, 312.)

"It may be quite true that these ideas" (that the sufferings of Christ are a penalty for sin or a vindication of justice) "are to be found in the New Testament. The reply is that whether

they are or are not makes no difference to the modern mind."—(p. 312.)

(Jesus) "has shown us of what humanity is capable when its life is lived, not in isolation or in opposition to God, but in harmony with Him. This, indeed, is the true meaning of the Incarnation."—(pp. 298, 299.)

"Salvation . . . consists in the response of the soul to the spiritual influences in the true environment of the soul, the Divine spirit. Under these gracious influences the Divine germ is quickened into active life, issuing in the ministry of the part to the whole. This quickening of the Divine life in man is what is meant by the doctrine of regeneration. The Kingdom of God is that spiritual plane of life upon which the ideal life within us manifests itself."—(p. 302.)

Passages of this kind might easily be paralleled from Unitarian pamphlets but not from the official creeds of the Christian churches. We quote them, not at all as dissenting from them, but as indications of the interpretation of Christianity which Mr. Lucas believes to have a mission for India. If, indeed, the future missionaries of India explain Christianity along these lines, we are satisfied that it will receive a readier response. But if in India, much more so in Europe. It is to readers at home that we most cordially recommend this volume for Indian missionaries.

It is true that on the Resurrection of Jesus Mr. Lucas's teaching is more in accordance with traditional Christianity, but we do not see that this chapter is in any way essential to his general argument. It may be that elsewhere also Mr. Lucas appears to be more conventional than he really is, for the phrases "Incarnation of Christ," and "Divinity of Christ," appear frequently in his discussions. But his explanations of them bring him into line with the liberal schools of Christian doctrine, and show us once again how the love for the human Jesus, the grateful reception of his example, the understanding of his life and death as an epitome of the life and death of humanity, can find in him the all-sufficient Way and Truth and Life. The greatest obstacle to the realisation of that motto "India for Christ" is that not yet has Europe been won for him; and chiefly because he has been so long shrouded in trinitarian metaphysics and dehumanised. If the "future missionaries of India" do not find their particular needs served by this book, the future missionaries of England will find in it much to teach them and inspire them. But perhaps Mr. Lucas knows this all the while; perhaps it is of England that all the while he is speaking in a figure; and that we must read the word "England" instead of "India" in such passages as this:—

"We look in vain throughout the length and breadth of India for a single religious authority who appears to recognise that the long reign of unquestioned ecclesiastical supremacy, demanding a blind obedience, has passed away, and that far more in the religious than in the political sphere the people are demanding their liberty. . . . The spread of education and the consequent diffusion of knowledge have created

a mental environment in which the old religious ideas are slowly fading away. The ancient religious rites and ceremonies are still more or less perfunctorily performed, but the life has gone out of them. Their utility is being questioned, and the answers which are vouchsafed are far from satisfactory. . . . In the religious life of India the priest will have to give way to the prophet; priestly injunctions will have to be replaced by prophetic instruction. . . . It will be a solemn day of reckoning when the masses begin to ask, as ask they assuredly will, what equivalent they have received for the lavish contributions which they and their ancestors have made for the maintenance of religious life in India." (pp. 7-9.)

Such an indictment fits our own country too closely to need any indication *de te, mutato nomine, fabula narratur*. We leave the volume with the conviction that Mr. Lucas is a master of irony.

THREE BOOKS OF VERSE.*

WHILE we are patiently waiting for a new renaissance of poetry, we may perhaps congratulate some of our minor poets on the average merit of their productions at the present time without reproaching them for not being Shelleys or Shakespeares. Miss Kathleen Conyngham Greene is one of these, and the verses in her little book, "The Third Road," are not without delicacy and charm. She has a sense of rhythm and mystery, and, like her "Changeling," longs for "nameless things," and joys she never knew. She strikes no deep human note, but something of the glamour of "nameless things," lurks in "The Silver Wood," "A Prisoner," and "Magic." We do not think she is so successful, however, in the child-songs, which seem a little laboured in spite of their apparent artlessness.

Miss Victoria Percy, whose tiny poems in "There is Nothing New" are sometimes nothing more than metrical epigrams, is a quiet singer who has preserved a devotional habit of mind through all the confusions of life. At times she expresses herself with almost tedious reticence, and in some of the experiments in four lines she strives so hard to be terse that she often fails to be explicit. These little poems are not, however, without a certain tender and suggestive note which reconciles us to their brevity and occasional vagueness.

"Songs of a Shopman" is the title of another volume of verse, this time by a "Clarion" poet (Mr. Arthur Hickmott) full of wholesome pity for the "hapless hordes of London," and a genuine love of field and woodland. He sings with a blithe and manly courage, but unfortunately a noble passion for humanity will not result in good poetry if genuine inspiration is lacking, and we believe that Mr. Hickmott will do more useful

* The Third Road. By Kathleen Conyngham Greene. London: A. C. Fifield. 1s. net. There is Nothing New. By Victoria F. C. Percy. London: Elkin Mathews. Songs of a Shopman. By Arthur Hickmott. London: A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.

work for the cause he has at heart by writing pamphlets, or speaking from "a chair or chance-loaned stool" (as he would say) at the street-corner than by attempting to put into verse what is clearly meant for prose. The lyric impulse is not easily wedded to such hackneyed phrases as "costly raiment," "gilded palaces," and "well-fed idlers"; and what, we should like to know, does Mr. Hickmott mean by attempting to "nestle close to the Infinite"?

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

MESSRS. G. ALLEN & SONS:—*Oedipus, King of Thebes*: Translated by Professor G. Murray. Cloth 2s. net, paper 1s. net.

THE BOOKLET PRESS:—*The Club Feast of Christ's Apportionment*: Rev. Herbert Moore. 8d. net.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO.:—*The Doctor's Dilemma*: Bernard Shaw. 6s. net.

MR. C. W. DANIEL:—*Some Master Keys of the Science of Notation*: Mary Everest Boole. 6d. net. *What One Might Say to a Good Schoolboy*: Mary Everest Boole. 6d. net.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH & CO.:—*The Onward Cry*: Stopford A. Brooke. 6s. net.

MR. A. C. FIFIELD:—*State Socialism and Anarchism*: Bery R. Tucker. 3d. net. *Non-Governmental Society*: Edward Carpenter. 3d. net.

MR. HENRY FROWDE:—*Dialogues of the Buddha*: T. W. and C. A. T. Rhys Davids. 10s. 6d.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON:—*The Love of Jesus*: Sir Henry S. Lunn, B.A. *The Falling Star*: E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s.

MESSRS. P. S. KING & SON:—*The New Social Democracy*: J. H. Harley. 6s. net.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.:—*Viria Iu Jones and Other Oxford Memories*: E. Bagnall Poulton, D.Sc., M.A.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS:—*Mazzini and Other Essays*: H. D. Lloyd. *Shelburne Essays, seventh series*: Paul Elmer More. 5s. net. *The Authorised Version of the Bible and its Influence*: A. S. Crook. 3s. 6d.

MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.:—*The Two Saviours, Joseph and Jesus*: Timothy Shepherd. 2s. 6d. net.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE:—*Natural Philosophy*: Wilhelm Ostwald. 4s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BERLIN: SCHÖNEBERG. PROTESTANTISCHER SCHRIFTENVERTRIEB:—*Der Modernismus*: Paul Sabatier: Romolo Murri: A. L. Lilley and D. Philipp Funk.

The Nineteenth Century, The Expository Times, The Coming Day, The Vineyard, The Cornhill, The Contemporary Review.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE RED CROSS.

MULBERRY trees and vines, fields and meadows, rocks and hills, ditches crossing farms, villages peeping among trees, a blazing Italian sun above all. It was Friday, June 24, 1859.

On this scene, and at this time, lived and moved, early in the morn, three hundred thousand strong men, mostly young—white-coated Austrians on the one side, and Frenchmen and Italians on the other; and there were generals, captains, trumpeters, drummers, banners. They were at war over the question, "Should Austria have rule in the north of Italy?"

At about three o'clock, as day broke, the French marched towards the village of Solferino. Drums and clarions sounded on all sides, and the young men stepped forward. During the fifteen hours of horror that followed, few had time to eat. The French had drunk coffee while it was yet dark; the Austrians had nothing that day but a double ration of brandy.

For the honour of France, for the honour of Italy, for the honour of Austria—a storm of shot, a storm of bombs, a storm of dust, of cries of rage, of blood. If the hundreds of thousands of mothers of these men could have been borne to the battlefield of Solferino, they would have seen their sons with blinded eyes, with hands cut off, with jaws broken, with bodies torn open. . . .

Here and there a black flag floated. It told of the hut or tent where wounded men lay, and where pale doctors cut off legs, arms, fingers, in order to save the whole body. But losses of the wounded had fallen among bushes, in ditches, on way-sides; and they lost blood, and their thirst was sore and many died without one drink of water. All through the night men prayed for drink, and none gave unto them; and loafers and robbers pulled at corpses, tearing off clothes and seizing rings and rifling knapsacks. For three days and three nights, spades dug graves, and the dead were flung in as dung is flung upon a heap. Wounded soldiers groaned in cottages, in halls, in churches, in convents, in schools, in courts—everywhere the places seemed all of a sudden to have become hospitals, but without enough nurses, without enough surgeons, without enough lint, bandages, bedding, food.

Most of the wounded had been taken to the small town of Castiglione. They were placed on straw. Huts had been made in haste of planks, shaded by carpets. Hot was the sun; thick was the dust. And in and out among these scenes of misery walked a young Swiss, named J. Henri Dunant. In his ears as a child, his good mother had told the charm of love, of goodwill, of brotherhood; and he had kept this charm in his heart as a man; and he had heard with keen mind, the message of Humanity spoken by three women—Elizabeth Fry, the Quaker, who comforted the sorrowful prisoners; Harriet Beecher Stowe, who painted the sufferings of the negro in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; and Florence Nightingale who tended the wounded in the Crimean war of 1854-1855. With this message stamped on his soul, Dunant watched the blood-stained straw and the moaning soldiers in Castiglione. He sees—

A soldier, part of whose face has been sliced off by the blow of a sabre; the nose, lips, and chin are divided by a huge cut from the rest of the head. He cannot speak, he is half blind, he shakes his hands to signal that he needs water.

A soldier is dying, his head is cut open, . . . Let the rest be untold.

A corporal has a bullet in his left side, he has but a few moments to live, and he cries to Dunant—

"Oh! sir, write to my father, and bid him console my mother!"

In haste, Dunant takes the name and address; and the corporal is dead.

"I don't want to die," cries a sturdy grenadier. To him Dunant speaks gently and kindly, and the voice of pity soothes his fear, and the grenadier falls into the slumber of death like a child that goes to sleep in its cot.

One of the enemy's soldiers (all soldiers are enemies of some other soldiers)—a Hungarian—had his groin and waist all torn by many shots; his body was swollen, and its hue was green and black, and he shrieked for aid. Dunant sought to comfort his wounds with damp lint, and to make a soft couch for him; but it was in vain—ere long he also died.

A hundred men were laid along the walls of a building, in two rows. Dunant helped in dressing their wounds, in serving them with soup. Their eyes thanked him.

It fell out that a year later, as Dunant passed along the Rue de Rivoli in Paris, a soldier who had lost a limb stopped him—

"Sir," he said, "let me thank you for the aid you gave us fellows at Castiglione. We used to call you the White Man, because you wore a suit of white clothes, and we looked on the White Man with gladness."

A Croat, a soldier from the Austrian army, had been shot. The surgeon drew the bullet out. Instead of thanking him, the Croat seized the bullet and threw it at the doctor's head, with a look of hatred.

Dunant and the doctors helped all, French, Italian, Croats, Bohemians, and Germans. The women of the town came with lint, bandages, water, food; and they did as the White Man did. They gave succour to all.

"All brothers," said the women.

Dunant went on the next Monday to see General MacMahon, the Duke of Magenta, and begged him to allow Austrian doctors, prisoners in the French camps, to attend to the wounded, French included. The Duke sent him to the Emperor Napoleon III. who at once agreed to the plan, promising that such Austrians would be among the first to gain their freedom when the hospital work was done.

The White Man begged the ladies of Geneva, in Switzerland (he himself was a Genevan) to give help, and they answered with help straightway.

A few days later, at a meeting of Italian ladies in the city of Milan, Dunant stood and expressed a grand idea—

"On all battlefields let there be tents, ambulances, hospitals, over which some flag—the same for all nations—shall hang as a mark of sacredness, and no bullet shall be shot at these shelters for the sick and wounded."

As a word of hope and life the speech of the White Man flew from mouth to mouth, town to town, land to land.

At Geneva, in October, 1863, a conference was held, men had come as messengers (delegates) from the governments of Austria, France, Great Britain, Spain, Netherlands, Prussia and six other German States, Sweden, and Switzerland. They exchanged ideas, they agreed. Each country should have its own Society but on the field of war each Society should be ready to lend aid to any other Society, and the one thought of all was to relieve the sick and wounded, "all brothers," and on the top of each field hospital would flutter a white flag crossed with a red cross, and on the arm of each servant of mercy

would be worn a badge, white, bearing a red cross. The Germans of Württemberg formed the first Society. Ten Societies were formed in 1864; in 1865, three; and so on. To-day all the civilised world respects the Red Cross. Hospital ships fly the same proud banner, and Mercy rides her chariot as once old Neptune did on the waves of the sea. In one war, that between France and the Germans in 1870-1871, the German Societies gave help to half a million sick and wounded, both German and French. Since then the numbers blessed by the care of the Red Cross have been countless. Dunant was ever on the watch to add more nations to the list. In 1873 the Shah of Persia visited London. The White Man approached him with the earnest request,

"Let Persia join the Convention of Geneva."

The Shah agreed.

Henri Dunant spent much of his substance in this work. He made himself poor. In his old age, he came very near to want. Then the world recalled his generous deeds. The Nobel Prize was given him, and the money raised him to comfort. He died in his native Switzerland in 1910.

With his name we must join another, that of Gustave Moynier, also Swiss. He was one of the first to assist Dunant's splendid idea. He never grew weary of the Red Cross cause. It was Moynier who first entered Paris, when the city was surrendered to the Germans in 1871. The Germans entered as conquerors. Gustave Moynier entered as an apostle of love, taking with him loads of provisions for the starving citizens.

Blessings be on the memories of Dunant and Moynier. Souls such as theirs lend fire and courage to other souls who march together in the holy name of Peace.

F. J. GOULD.

NOTE.--- Books consulted :--Dunant's "Souvenir de Solferino," Moynier's "Red Cross" (translated in 1883); and "Les Origines de la Croix-Rouge," published in 1900 by Lindheimer at Stuttgart.

THE SOCIAL MOVEMENT.

SCHOOLS FOR MOTHERS.

THE National League for Physical Education and Improvement has recently published (P. S. King & Son, 3d.) an interesting Report, on existing Schools for Mothers, and similar institutions, based on replies from over 80 agencies. The main purpose common to all these efforts, amid much difference of details, is to instruct mothers or expectant mothers how best to perform their maternal duties both to themselves and to their infants. A large number of the "schools" are administered by societies specially formed for the purpose; others are offshoots of existing health societies or hospitals; in two cases they are run by the C.O.S. and in six by municipalities, while in ten there is a close connection between the municipality and the school.

* * *

These busy centres have many methods of endeavouring to secure the physical

welfare of infants that come under their notice. Besides periodical inspection of the infants and systematic home-visiting, many schools have regular classes for cookery, hygiene especially as bearing on the care of infants, sewing, knitting, cutting out, provision of cheap meals for the mothers, provident clubs. The St. Pancras School, of which one seems to have heard more than of any of the others, has lately made a most successful development of home-visiting by engaging a lady to visit the members of the school and teach them how to prepare simple meals in their own homes with their own limited requisites. This missioner was promptly dubbed "The Pudding Lady" by her clients, the epithet showing that she had reached both their heads and their hearts. Two schools, St. Pancras and Stepney, recognising that, after all, a father ought to have not only a voice but a share in the actual upbringing of his child, hold weekly meetings at which addresses are given to fathers. At Stepney 60 fathers turn up weekly to hear what their share of infant nurture should be.

* * *

Beside the direct effects of the schools in reducing infant mortality, and in improving the physical condition of children who survive, they ought in time, if properly conducted, to supply valuable social statistics as to the causes of infantile diseases and defects, and show how far these are to be traced to heredity or environment, or to ignorance or neglect on the part of the parents. Up to the present the schools have dealt only with the children of the very poor, though the less poor, and indeed the whole community, need some instruction in the proper upbringing of infants. Some light is thrown upon the condition of the homes to which the mothers belong by the statistics supplied by one school of 70 members, whose husbands were classified as follows :--Fourteen were in regular employment, but it was most exceptional for any to earn as much as 21s. per week; 15 were of the poorest, and lived on occasional street hawking; 43 (the rest) took any work they could find. It is upon social facts of this kind, which have been obtained and sifted with care, that sound social reform will have to be based.

MEETINGS AND SOCIETIES.

WYCLIFFE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, LEICESTER.

THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, THE REV. J. WOOD, AND MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., ON THE RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK.

THERE was a large attendance at Wycliffe Congregational Church on Thursday, February 23, when a cordial welcome was given to the new minister, the Rev. F. Seaward Beddow, B.A. The chair was taken by the Rev. Joseph Wood (founder and first minister of the church), and the Rev. R. J. Campbell was amongst those present.

Mr. Canham (secretary of the church) before reading a number of apologies for

absence, said he regretted that Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald would not be able to be present. When Mr. Macdonald promised to attend, he had not been elected Chairman of the Labour Party, and this had brought increased work. In his letter Mr. Macdonald said :--"After all I regret that I shall not be with you on Thursday. The Labour Party has fixed upon Thursday as its weekly meeting day, and this week we have two or three important points of policy to discuss, and that makes my presence in the chair an absolute necessity. The meeting is at 5 o'clock, so I shall not be able to be present, I am afraid, at any of your gatherings that day. I am particularly sorry, because I wanted to say something about the failure of the modern church to impress itself on the mind of earnest men and women. For good or for ill, the old preaching of personal salvation alone no longer draws people to the churches, and all sorts of more or less worthless motives are taking its place. That does not mean that the stream of true religious life has ceased to flow, but only that it has ceased largely to irrigate ecclesiastical faiths, for either on the borderland of the church, or beyond its pale, there are a multitude of movements carrying on the best traditions of Christian hope and Christian practice. I am one of those who would like to see that stream watering its proper field--the Christian communion--and I therefore view with much discouragement the ineffectual complaints that are being made from many pulpits and at many conferences regarding the decline in church-going. All I can hope, however, under present circumstances, to do is to express a most sincere wish that your labours at Wycliffe will result in an invigoration of the essential spirit of Christianity."

The Chairman, in opening the meeting, referred to the past history of the Church, and said that it was 39 years ago since a few so-called heretics founded it. Those people, who were described as heretics then, would be called moderately orthodox now. They had seen a great change in the last 40 years. Many of the sermons preached in orthodox pulpits 40 years ago could not be preached there to-day. Religious language and attitude, and the way they looked at things, had changed, and he ventured to say the result was a greater unity amongst the free churches of the land. They had come to lay less stress upon agreement in metaphysical, philosophical, and theological dogmas, and insist more and more upon the practical, the spiritual, the devotional, and the religious aspects of the gospel of Christ. The Wycliffe people thought they had a little hand in that. They had something to do with raising the Liberal flag, the flag to which that church had been thoroughly consistent during the whole of its history. But with the disappearance of the bitterness of theological controversy, they found that what was more and more largely occupying the attention of the churches was the relation of the churches to the social questions and social problems of the day. He did not believe there was less religion than there used to be, or that those who stood outside the churches were devoid of religious susceptibilities. These people

believed that Jesus Christ was a sort of social reformer, and they felt rather like the man who said he didn't know much about God, or heaven, or hell, but Jesus Christ was the man for him. All these people were largely interested in social reform, and they felt that the Church had somehow missed its way because it had been so concerned in the past with the question of personal salvation rather than social regeneration. He did not say a word in depreciation of the aim of personal salvation, but the churches of the present day were waking up to the fact that they must set about the work of prevention, instead of being satisfied with merely applying poultices here and there to the running sore. It was all very well helping a man out of the ditch, but they could never empty the ditch by ordinary benevolent work. How to fill in the ditch was the problem, and a great one. He did not think it was entirely the work of the Church, but the Church must certainly work side by side with the other agencies who were aiming at the same object.

The Rev. F. Lansdown, the Rev. Kenneth Bond, and Mr. J. Liddiard also spoke, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell then addressed the meeting.

SPEECH BY THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.

Having referred to the influence of independent Churches in the past, he asked his hearers to take a look towards the future. They were living in very interesting times. There was a new spirit rising spontaneously in every country in the civilised world. It was a remarkable fact that, for evil or good, the world was becoming unified. Had they ever thought what that involved? As Mr. Balfour pointed out in his Henry Sidgwick memorial lecture at Cambridge a year or two ago, the material civilisation of the West was beginning to greatly influence the older civilisation of the East. With what result? Look at Japan, a match for any of them in commerce, in war, and perhaps in science and the arts. China was waking up. There were more Chinese students in Universities under the direction of Western minds at the present time than Japanese by a great many, and things had moved so rapidly in China during the last ten years that one wondered what would happen in the next ten. In India there was a movement not against the Englishman as an Englishman, but the claim of the Hindoo to the privileges of his manhood was being put forward. In Persia there was exactly the same movement checked for the moment by the somewhat ruthless methods of the Shah, but impossible to destroy. In Egypt there was again the same spirit. Officials might dislike the national movement; but it was a good movement; it was the expression of a spirit of freedom, self-respect, enterprise, hope, and confidence in the future. What was all this pointing to?

Why, the fact that the whole world would soon become, should he say, a federation, a family of self-governing peoples, influenced and governed by the democratic spirit of the West. Then what would follow that? Just the thing that for the moment seemed to be in abeyance. Their social and political synthesis would be followed by a spiritual uprising, a

religious synthesis. They were moving rapidly towards a world religion. What was to be their part in that? They heard a good many people say the Churches were done for, and would never recover their prestige; that they had no message for civilisation, and could not recover their lost ground. The Church of Christ in this country never sank lower in popular esteem, in respect, in spirituality, than in the eighteenth century, and when they were told it was all over with Christianity John Wesley appeared, and once more the flame of spiritual fervour was rekindled, not only in this country, but throughout the civilised world, and the greatest Protestant denomination was born. To-day the factors were perhaps different. They had a new social conscience and a new social consciousness, and until the cry for social justice was in some measure satisfied he was afraid they could not expect to see a rekindling of the religious zeal that some of them were praying for. They were told again that the pulpit was not intelligent enough for the cultured classes. That ranked the cultured classes rather higher than his experience went to confirm. He did not think it was the social or the intellectual reason that kept the people away at the present day. He thought that the chief reason was the intense absorption of the man of to-day in purely material concerns. Modern life was becoming fiercer and fiercer. The average man was so occupied with questions relating to the meat that perished, the question of external good, that he could hardly think about anything else. This materialistic influence had to spend itself, and then truly there would come a reaction.

A vote of thanks to the speakers was moved by the Rev. F. S. Beddows. A service was held in the evening, when the sermon was preached by the Rev. R. J. Campbell.

NATIONAL INSURANCE.

MR. SIDNEY WEBB ON SICKNESS AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

MR. SIDNEY WEBB dealt with the subject of "Unemployment and Sickness Insurance," at Caxton Hall, on Monday night, when the second of a course of lectures on "The Prevention of Destitution: Some Outstanding Questions," was given. The chair was taken by the Hon. Sydney Holland in the absence, through illness, of Lord Elcho. Mr. Sidney Webb explained that while he regarded State Insurance as a valuable adjunct to schemes of prevention, he wished to make it clear that in itself it implied the acceptance of certain evils as inevitable, and did nothing to abolish them. To set to work to deal with sickness solely from the point of view of insurance was to treat it in the early Victorian manner, when disease was regarded as a visitation of God which could not be escaped. Now, however, we knew that disease could, to a very great extent, be prevented, and he instanced the way in which typhus, which once ravaged the country, had been abolished, so that in the whole of London last year there was not a single case. The same thing could

be done in regard to tuberculosis if we wished, and when it was realised what an enormous waste of money and efficiency sickness involved, insurance against sickness and unemployment would be but an additional national extravagance if we did not first do everything that could possibly be done to prevent both evils. If the amount of time spent in sickness by all the people could be diminished by one day in the year, it would mean £6,000,000 added to the nation's wealth, for that was the sum represented by a day's production. Again, if they could insure the postponement of the period of invalidity for five years, adding this period to the working life of the people, the national resources would gain by £200,000,000. Insurance did not prevent this waste any more than fire insurance prevented fires; but fire insurance companies could hardly be expected to take the enormous risks which would have to be faced if elaborate schemes were not carried out to prevent fires from happening as far as possible.

Thrift, the lecturer pointed out, did not mean saving, but wise expenditure, and no scheme of national insurance would be worth anything if it did not stimulate and promote prevention. It must be remembered, also, that compulsory insurance was virtually an income tax, and that if a man was forced to pay for it out of a weekly wage not sufficient to properly maintain a wife and family, it would be a ruinous expenditure, and the Children's Care Committee would have to step in to replace what the Government had taken. There was also the question of the way the payments were to be made. He could tell them no secrets, for he knew none, and they must wait to see on what lines the Government intended to go in their schemes of insurance. The granting of a weekly dole, however, would be open to much criticism. It was not certain, for instance, that the money would be spent wisely by the person who received it, or that it would not increase malingering. The first duty of the nation in regard to a sick man was, not to give him a good time, but to provide him with the best treatment which his case required, and see that he got better as quickly as possible. To hand out weekly sums of 7s. 6d. to some people would be like handing out money to the savages in Africa who suffered from sleeping sickness. Treatment was the first thing that was required by the ailing, and there should be no question of running out of benefit.

The subject of the friendly societies and trade unions was dealt with, and the lecturer made some suggestions which, he thought, would mitigate the disadvantages he had pointed out. He advocated the handing over to the friendly societies and trade unions, between which no invidious distinctions could be made, of the contributions of their members, of those members' employers, and the Government subvention. Money contributed by the revenue on behalf of people not in friendly societies should be handed over to the public health authorities, who would have a pecuniary interest in preventing sickness as far as possible within their area, and in giving the best kind of provision and treatment

to those who came upon the funds. The question of unemployment was also dealt with, and the necessity of prevention again earnestly insisted upon. The existence of a quarter of a million of people out of work meant a further loss of £60,000,000 a year, and unless something was done to prevent unemployment, insurance was a thriftless way of going to work.

A VISIT TO GLAMORGANSHIRE.

THE missionary-agent of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Rev. T. P. Spedding, has just concluded a visit to the Glamorganshire churches, and brings back with him encouraging reports of the activity and life of the congregations. His meetings have been held at Newport, Bridgend, Wick, Nottage, Aberdare, Dowlais, Cardiff, Pentre, Clydach Vale and Pontypridd. At these places seventeen meetings, services or lectures were held, and visits also were paid to the officials or ministers of the churches at Trebanos, Cefn Coed, Aberdare (Highland-place), Merthyr, Swansea and Cwmbach.

The church in Newport, though in Monmouthshire, is included in the membership of the South-East Wales Unitarian Society, and is not only the youngest, but also one of the most flourishing churches of the district. Its Minister, Rev. J. Tyssul Davies, is deservedly popular, and the congregation, already active, is increasing under his ministry. The congregation meets for worship in a comfortable hall. Bridgend has become a new place. The old chapel there was gloomy, and the cause was dead, apparently, when Rev. D. G. Rees was appointed to its ministry in 1903. The experiment, however, has been fully justified; and the chapel, which has been most rationally, economically, and tastefully restored, is now as comfortable as it was before uncomfortable and depressing. On the Monday, Mr. Rees accompanied Mr. Spedding to the forest hill station of Wick, in the vale of Glamorgan. This interesting old General Baptist Chapel is remotely situated; most of its members earn a precarious livelihood, and many of them have been denied the advantages of education. But the men and women of this little chapel on the hill have made sacrifices; they are without a minister, they conduct their own prayer meetings, and if only the local association could provide them a minister for communion Sundays they would be content. Revs. A. G. Rees and W. J. Phillips, of Nottage, have practically pledged themselves to act as pastors to the little flock, and the prospects are now perhaps brighter than for years past. Mr. Rees also took part in the meeting at Nottage. Nottage chapel is the only one in the village, but the congregation is drawn from the country round about, and under the long ministry of Rev. W. J. Phillips it maintains its record, and is one of the most interesting places in the county.

Trebanos is situated up the Swansea valley, and is one of the largest Unitarian congregations in South Wales. Though it has been without a pastor for a year its attendances are maintained, and there are seldom less than 300 people present at the service or the prayer meeting. On the hills above is the ancient chapel of Gellionen, where services are occasionally held. Mr. Spedding visited Pantyffynon, in the neighbourhood of Aberaman and Ammonford, where the Van Mission held splendid meetings two seasons ago, and then called at Swansea, where the South-East Wales Executive was in session, before proceeding to the Old Meeting House at Aberdare for the lecture. Rev. Glynn Davies has recently succeeded the veteran Rev. R. J. Jones as minister of this old chapel, and his attention is likely to be devoted to the con-

dition of Cwmbach, where, owing to the closing of collieries, the congregation has slowly dwindled until only a few families are left. Of the Highland-place chapel at Aberdare reports appeared only a week or two ago with full accounts of its jubilee. The minister, Rev. Melchisedec Evans, has done good work there during his ministry of nearly five years.

At Merthyr no steps have yet been taken to secure the appointment of a minister, and the services are conducted by lay-preachers and ministerial supplies. Cefn Coed has recently appointed Mr. Carrara Davies in succession to the late Rev. Hathren Davies. A lecture was also delivered at Dowlais, where, despite a wild storm, there was a fair attendance. This small congregation is to be congratulated upon the manner in which, in the midst of distressing industrial conditions, it has managed to keep its head above water, and, with little outside assistance, to support a minister. Rev. J. P. Kane has been here for nine years. At Cardiff Mr. Spedding met the committee of the church, and had the pleasure of hearing the chairman announce that the church had decided to declare its independence. A vote of thanks was passed to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. Generous tributes were also paid to the work of the minister, Rev. F. B. Mott.

Mr. Spedding spent a busy day last Sunday. Leaving Pontypridd in the morning, he preached at Pentre, and held a meeting of the congregation afterwards; then left with Rev. E. R. Dennis for Clydach Vale, preached there, hurried back to Pontypridd for the evening, conducted service, then delivered an illustrated lecture by special request, and afterwards spent an hour with the church committee, discussing the affairs of the congregation. The district is suffering from the effects of the strike which so far shows few signs of being brought to a termination. Pentre, which is associated with Clydach Vale, makes some progress, and is in the midst of a district where the opportunities for liberal religion are numerous and encouraging. The concluding service at Pontypridd was the best of the series. There was a large congregation. The singing was splendid, and the proceedings throughout were characterised by much heartiness. The good work of Rev. J. Park Davies is bearing good fruit. Mr. Spedding has reported to the Committee of the Association that his visit was one of the most successful he has paid to the district, that Unitarianism in South-East Wales is fully deserving of all the support it receives, and that the work of the churches and of the District Society may be confidently commended to the sympathy of those who are interested in the progress of the work in the Principality.

THE NON-SUBSCRIBING PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF IRELAND.

A special meeting of the Synod was held on Wednesday, February 22, in the First Church, Rosemary-street, Belfast, to consider the draft trust deed and rules of the proposed Sustentation Fund in connection with the Non-Subscribing Church of Ireland. The moderator (Rev. William Napier) presided, and there was a large attendance of ministers and lay representatives. After some discussion the trust deed and rules submitted were adopted, and a committee was appointed to elect trustees and issue an appeal for funds. The rules state that all the moneys annually available shall be equally divided amongst the churches which have qualified to receive the grant, and that a church qualifies by paying 5 per cent. on the total income received by the minister, as minister of the congregation, into the fund—a provision which gives the richer churches an opportunity of supporting the poorer.

PERSONAL.

MANY of our readers will be glad to know that an interesting account of the life of the Rev. J. Page Hopps is given in the February number of *Light*, the organ of the Spiritualist Alliance. The article, which alludes very appreciatively to the splendid fight for religious freedom which has been waged by Mr. Hopps during a long and fruitful life, and to the fine spirit of optimism which has made his message so inspiring to many, is accompanied by a characteristic portrait of this dauntless champion of liberty. The same journal also contains the second part of an address on "The Creative Power of Thought," which was delivered on February 2 by the Rev. J. Tyssul Davis to the members and associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WE are requested to remind our readers of the meeting which will be held at Essex Hall, on Wednesday night next, the 8th inst., when some account of the meetings of the International Council of Unitarian and other Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers will be given by the President of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Rev. Charles Hargrove, M.A., who will speak upon "The Story of the German Congress," and by Dr. C. Herbert Smith, who will speak of "The Hungarian Celebrations" in connection with the four hundredth anniversary of Francis David. Dr. W. Blake Odgers, K.C., will take the chair at eight o'clock, and the addresses will be illustrated with lantern slides. There will be no charge for admission.

THE speakers at the public meeting to be held at the Albert Hall on Wednesday evening, March 29, in celebration of the Tercentenary of the Authorised Version of the English Bible, will be the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prime Minister, the American Ambassador, and the Rev. F. B. Meyer. Lord Northampton will preside. The meeting will begin at 8 o'clock. From 7.30 to 8 there will be music by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Sir Frederick Bridge.

A LECTURE on "Eugenics and the Employment of Women" will be given by Miss Ethel Elderton (Francis Galton Scholar) at Bedford College on Thursday, March 16, at 5.15 p.m. The lecture is open to men and women, and cards of admission are not required.

THE Ministers' Institute will meet this year at Manchester College, Oxford at Easter, viz., on April 17, 18, and 19. The full syllabus will appear in due course.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

By the will of the late Rev. Henry Hill, of Banbury, the funds of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, the Unitarian Home Missionary College, and the Clover-street Church, Rochdale, benefit to the extent of £236 each. Mr. Hill, who was a member of a family connected with the old Clover-street congregation at Rochdale, died at Banbury in 1900, aged 64 years. He had formerly held pastorates at Stanington, Middlesbrough, Rawtenstall, and Stroud. He settled at Banbury in 1892.

Birmingham: Church of the Messiah.—The annual meeting of the members of this church was held on Wednesday evening, February 22, Alderman Sayer presiding.

The report showed that the work of the church had gone steadily and harmoniously forward in the past year, and that the finances were in a healthy condition. The Rev. J. W. Austin's address to the members was very interesting and thought-provoking, and his reception showed the depth of feeling which binds him to his congregation. Mr. W. Byng Kenrick moved the following resolution, which was seconded by Mr. A. Horton, and carried unanimously:—"That this congregation hereby expresses its cordial approval of the general idea of the Circuit Church, and its willingness to favourably consider any practical proposals that may be made by the National Conference or the Midland Christian Union." The church thus declared its adherence to the movement towards a closer, more vital, and more practical fellowship among our churches which is so desirable. The business meeting was followed by a conversazione.

Knutsford: Presentation to the Rev. G. A. Payne.—A handsome presentation was made to the Rev. G. A. Payne, in recognition of the fact that he will in June complete a twenty-one years' ministry at Knutsford and Allostock, and to Mrs. Payne, who is closely associated with her husband in the congregation's regard and good wishes, at the annual meeting, which was held on February 22. The chairman, Mr. George Holt, said that the congregation desired to give some tangible evidence of their grateful sense of Mr. Payne's valuable services as their minister, and also in recognition of his activity in every good work, especially in connection with the literary culture of the town and the management of the public library. A warmly appreciative letter was read from Mr. J. R. Beard, J.P., and cordial speeches were made by Mr. Marcus Allen, Mr. James Odgers, Mr. Travers Hadfield, and by Principal Gordon, who was present as a visitor.

Leicester: The Great Meeting.—The annual meeting of the Great Meeting congregation was held in the schools, East Bond-street, on Wednesday evening, February 22, the chairman of the Vestry, Mr. J. G. Chattaway, presiding over a large attendance. The report of the Vestry stated that all the existing institutions had been maintained in a state of efficiency, and referred to the serious losses the congregation had sustained by deaths during the year. The late Mr. Alfred Colson, gas and electric lighting engineer to the Leicester Corporation, had been a member of the congregation ever since he came to Leicester and had several times given the congregation the benefit of his great scientific knowledge by lectures at its social gatherings. A permanent memorial to him was the splendid lantern which he presented to the Social Union a few years ago. Miss Edith Gittens was born in the congregation, and was faithful to it till the end. Amid all her public work the Great Meeting always held the warmest corner in her heart, and benefited most by her strenuous and disinterested labours. The community was better, individuals were better, for her courageous and noble example. She never forgot her chapel and would never be forgotten by it. By her will she bequeathed £200 to the Vestry, which would shortly be invested, and she also left £200 to the Domestic Mission, which had benefited much by her ripe experience in the administration of relief. During the evening a cordial vote of thanks was passed to the Rev. E. I. Fripp for his services as minister, and to Mrs. Fripp for her valuable co-operation in the work of the church. The annual sermons on behalf of the Leicester Domestic Mission were preached at the Great Meeting on Sunday, when the special preacher for the occasion was the Rev. F. Heming Vaughan, of Mansfield. The collection realised about £16.

Liverpool: Hope-street Church.—At the close of the meeting of the Sunday-school on

February 12 the officers and teachers took the opportunity of presenting an illuminated address to their fellow-worker, Miss J. McConnell, lady superintendent and senior teacher. In handing the address to Miss McConnell, Mr. Hughes, the superintendent, voiced the feelings of the workers of the school, and in eulogistic terms referred to the arduous labours and devotion exercised for a period over twenty-one years. The address was in the following terms:—"For God and the Good. The teachers and scholars of Hope-street Church Sunday School hereby express their deep and grateful sense of the faithful and heart-given services of Miss McConnell, as teacher and as girls' superintendent, and earnestly trust that her personal devotion of over twenty-one years to the cause of free religious teaching may long continue to be an inspiration and source of strength to the school and her scholars."

London: Richmond.—On Sunday last the subject of Dr. Foat's morning discourse at the Richmond Free Church, Ormond-road, was "Citizenship as Religion." The result, he said, of regarding the duties of citizenship as religious duties would be to make organisation splendid and daily work glorified, to touch dead matter to great issues, to clothe the dry bones with flesh and make them live. Religion taught citizens to regard the spirit of their institutions as vastly more important than the forms. The value of our institutions was nothing unless they throbbed with life. Had the people yet caught the spirit of the new time? Not yet; the new and great enthusiasm was among the things to come. But there were stirrings of the new thought; the true impulse of public service was being felt. The churches had much to do. Long had they received men as penitents, long had they offered men quiet and rest and peace. But why not also welcome men as labourers? Why not encourage them and bid them seek the strong will? Let the churches bid Godspeed to those who battled for the bettering of the people's surroundings. Was there not one part of true religion that must be expressed in terms of blue-socks and Acts of Parliament? Religion and prayers would have no meaning unless they inspired to better work.

Loughborough.—Services celebrating the 47th anniversary of the present chapel were held on Sunday, when the Rev. Kenneth H. Bond was the preacher. On Tuesday evening a meeting was held to receive Miss Brooke Herford and Mrs. Sydney Martineau, and, as the result of their addresses explaining the objects of the League of Unitarian and other Liberal Christian Women, it was resolved to form a local branch.

Nottingham: The High Pavement Sunday-schools.—The annual parents' party was held on Shrove Tuesday, February 28, when about 180 parents and friends were entertained to tea, after which opportunity was given for friendly chat between teachers and parents. Letters of apology from the Rev. Mr. Thomas, who was away from home, and from Mr. Dixon Lee, one of the superintendents, having been read, Miss Winsor and Mr. Warren gave short addresses. These were followed by a performance of Morris and old English country dances, kindly arranged by the Misses Colton.

Scarborough.—On Friday evening, the 24th, inst., the Rev. Promotho Loll Sen, of India, gave a lecture on "Indian Life and Indian Problems," the chair being taken by his Worship the Mayor (W. S. Rowntree, Esq., J.P.). On Sunday he occupied the pulpit of the Unitarian Church, and conducted the services, taking as his morning subject "The New Dispensation," in the evening "Buddha and Buddhism in the Light of the New Dispensation." There were large congregations, especially in the evening, when the chapel was crowded.

Wakefield: Westgate Chapel.—On Sunday, February 19, the annual choir festival was held at Westgate Chapel, when the Rev. W. T. Davies took the devotional part of the services, and the sermons were preached by Mrs. W. T. Davies. Special anthems were rendered by the choir, and the collections (morning and evening) amounted to over £7.

Yorkshire Unitarian Sunday School Union.—The quarterly conference was held at Dewsbury on February 18, when a paper was read by Miss Scruton, of Broadway Church, Bradford, on "The Sunday School Teacher—the Scholars' Friend." The paper was an earnest appeal to teachers to take a personal interest in their scholars. Several ministers and friends who were present took part in the discussion which followed. The Rev. Chas. Hargrove, M.A., congratulated Miss Scruton on the excellence of her paper, and dealt in a helpful manner with some of the points raised.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS IN LONDON.

It is interesting to learn that, according to a report just issued, the membership of the Society of Friends is increasing in London. The numbers registered in 1899 were 2,677; by the end of 1909 the membership had risen to 3,038, an increase of 361. During the same period the associate members and registered attenders increased from 651 to 801, while the number of Meetings between 1899 and 1909 increased from 31 to 46.

A UNIVERSAL "PEACE STAMP."

M. Eugene Boggiano recently suggested at a peace banquet in Paris that a universal "peace stamp," similar to the stamps used in late years in Belgium, Denmark, and Sweden for raising funds for charitable institutions, should be issued. The stamp would help to spread the peace ideal, and serve as a source of money for propaganda work. The idea was enthusiastically received, and will shortly be carried out, an international committee having been formed for the purpose. Among its members are Flammarion, Maxim Gorky, Anatole France, Nansen, Marconi, W. T. Stead, Keir Hardie, Fogazzaro, and others.

CENSUS OF PAUPERS.

An interesting section of a further appendix volume to the Poor Law Commission Report deals with the special census of paupers taken on March 31, 1906. This throws considerable light on the nature of pauperism in England and Wales, and it would appear that the age at which men are seeking the shelter of the Poor Law institutions is diminishing, while the number of men in receipt of relief has increased much faster than the women paupers. Women endeavour to maintain their independence before becoming chargeable by resorting to the casual occupations in which a living may, for a time, be obtained.

AN INDIAN MEMORIAL TO FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Miss Nightingale left £250 at the disposal of Sir William Wedderburn for any

purpose to which he might choose to put it. He has now by a contribution of his own made up the amount to £333 6s. 8d. (Rs. 5,000), and offered it as the nucleus of a Florence Nightingale Fund to be devoted to the practical promotion of village sanitation in India. Sir Narayanrao Chandavarkar, Judge of the High Court of Bombay, to whom Sir William Wedderburn has written on the subject, has stated in a letter to the Indian Press that several other subscriptions have been received, the total amount of the fund thus reaching Rs. 9,000 before any announcement was made. Miss Florence Nightingale was specially interested in the subject of sanitation in India.

CONGO REFORM.

Mr. McKinnon Wood, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, said in the House of Commons on Monday that the Government would not recognise the annexation of the Congo State by Belgium until they were able to lay before the House evidence to show that the actual state of things in the Congo, with regard to trade and the condition of the natives, was such as to bring it within a reasonable measure of fulfilling our treaty rights. Recent reports he added, showed that there had undoubtedly been improvement.

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AT

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(entrance in Willoughby-road).

Tea and Coffee at 8 p.m.

The Chair will be taken at 8.30 by Mr. C. FELLOWES PEARSON, and the Reports and Accounts will be submitted to the meeting for adoption.

The following have also promised to speak:—The Rev. C. Hargrove, President, British and Foreign Unitarian Association; the Rev. H. Gow, President, Provincial Assembly of London and S.E. Counties; the Rev. F. K. Freeston, Mr. R. M. Montgomery.

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